



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

# SONGS AND POEMS



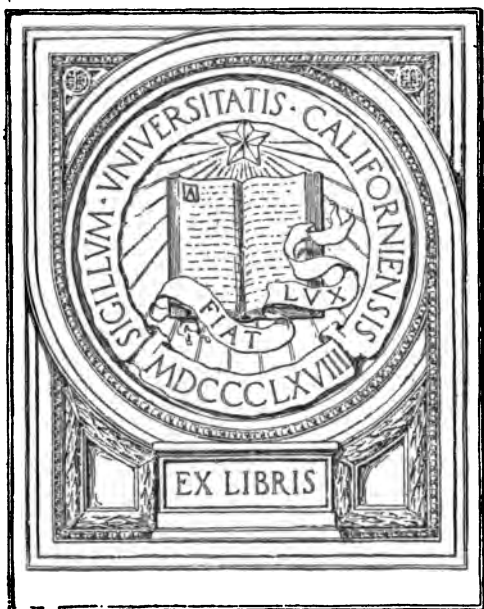
John Jay Chapman

UC-NRLF



\$B 167 392

YC160579



953  
C466  
S















# **SONGS AND POEMS**



# SONGS AND POEMS

BY

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
1919

*Copyright, 1918, 1919, by Charles Scribner's Sons*

*Published March, 1919*

---

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY  
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
COPYRIGHT, 1917, 1918, BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY  
COPYRIGHT, 1917, 1918, 1919, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.  
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE YALE PUBLISHING ASSN., INC.  
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY  
COPYRIGHT, 1918, 1919, BY THE VANITY FAIR PUB. CO., INC.

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

THE SCRIBNER PRESS

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
SONG	3
THE CHRISTENING	5
SONG (AFTER RONSARD)	7
THE POET ORDERS HIS SEPULCHRE (AFTER RONSARD)	8
LINES IN A COPY OF VIRGIL	15
SAPPHO'S LAST SONG	16
ARETHUSA	17
REVERY	18
A PRAYER	19
THE KNEISEL QUARTET	21
CHAMBER MUSIC	23
THE HUDSON	26
MOONLIGHT	27
HARVEST TIME	31

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SWALLOWS	35
OCTOBER	36
AUTUMN DEWS	40
TREES IN AUTUMN	41
TAPS AT WEST POINT	42
LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISMARCK	46
1914	49
HEROES	50
TO A DOG	52
IN TIME OF WAR	53
MAY, 1917	54
ODE ON THE SAILING OF OUR TROOPS FOR FRANCE	58
A WAR WEDDING	68
RETROSPECTION	71
OUR SAILOR	73
AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER	74

# CONTENTS

<b>MAY, 1918</b>	<b>PAGE</b> <b>76</b>
<b>LINES READ AT THE NEW YORK CITY HALL MEETING ON LAFAYETTE DAY, 1918</b>	<b>79</b>
<b>THE ARMISTICE</b>	<b>82</b>
<b>ROOSEVELT</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>THE MORAL OF HISTORY</b>	<b>86</b>





# SONGS AND POEMS



## SONG

**O**LD Farmer Oats and his son Ned  
They quarreled about the old mare's bed,  
And some hard words by each were said,  
Sing, sing, ye all !

### *Chorus*

Let every man stand for what is in his hand, say I,  
Let every man give to keep a man alive, say I,  
For it's all one when all's done,  
Ye'll keep none when death's come, say I !

## II

Then Oats he bade the boy be hanged;  
So up he stormed and out he banged;  
And away to the heath and the wars he's ganged.  
Sing, sing, ye all !—*Chorus*.

III

Old Farmer Oats with his bent head  
Is ever thinking of his son Ned,  
And whether the lad be alive or dead,  
Sing, sing, ye all!—*Chorus.*

IV

And every beggar and every thief  
May go to the old man for relief;  
For love is love and grief is grief  
Sing, sing, ye all!

*Chorus*

Let every man stand for what is in his hand, say I,  
Let every man give to keep a man alive, say I,  
For it's all one when all's done,  
Ye'll keep none when death's come, say I!

## THE CHRISTENING

**T**HE evening wore on with the Judge in the chair  
While song after song sought the rafter;  
We crowned him with holly to match his white hair  
And redden the bloom of our laughter:

### *Chorus*

For the Doctor, the Parson, His Honor and me  
Were waking the baby that soon was to be.

Around went the bowl while the doctor could stand,  
Around while the lawyer could reason,  
Till speechless and legless they lay hand in hand,  
Conversing on subjects in season.—*Chorus.*

The Parson like Bacchus was draining a cup  
('Twas the wineglass he smashed in his joy, Sir,)  
When the maids at the door made the toppers look up,  
"O Master, O Judge, it's a boy, Sir!"—*Chorus.*

"A boy!" cried the Parson, "Ye pagans come down!  
All Christians shall sing and be thankful.  
Go fetch us the child in his christening gown;  
Egad, but we'll give him a tankful!"—*Chorus.*

"For the Church and the Law and all medical aid  
Are here represented in toddy;  
The child in a christening dish shall be laid  
And good liquor poured over his body."—*Chorus.*

The maids gave a squeal could be heard half a mile  
And straight locked the doors on the crew, Sir;  
And so to our pleasures they left us a while.  
It's little that women can do, Sir!

*Chorus*

But the Doctor, the Parson, His Honor and me  
Devoted the night to that little babee.

## SONG AFTER RONSARD

(*"Fais rafraichir mon vin"*)

**S**INK the wine within the spring,  
And cool it deep and long:  
Send Jeanne to me, and let her bring  
Her lute, to chant a song.  
Three shall dance and one shall sing,  
Call Barbe, that in the whirl  
Her heavy tresses she may fling  
Like a mad Tuscan girl.

See! the sun has dipped his head,  
We may not live till morning;  
Fill my cup, boy, till the bead  
Run over with no warning.  
Curse the dolt that slaves to get,  
Curse doctor and divine;  
My wits were never sober yet  
Till they were washed with wine!



# THE POET ORDERS HIS SEPULCHRE

(After Ronsard)

**Y**E caverns, and ye rills  
That from the beetling hills  
Down every rocky wall  
Glide, gleam, and fall;  
Ye woods and streams around,  
Where poplar'd isles abound,  
And glistening myrtles throng,—  
List to my song.

When Fate and heavenly power  
Forecast my dying hour,  
Enchanted with the ray  
Of common day,  
I wish not that Pretence  
Of Grandeur or Expense  
Shall build some marble gloom  
About my tomb.

But let a green tree wave  
His arms above my grave,  
And be my body laid  
Within that shade:  
Thus from my corpse below  
Ivy shall climb and grow,  
To canopy that ground  
In many a round.

The coiling grapevine there  
Shall wreath my sepulchre,  
And all its leaves become  
A fragrant gloom.  
And yearly to these rocks  
Shall shepherds bring their flocks,  
And by my dripping wall  
Hold festival.

First, having paid the price  
Of some quaint sacrifice,  
They to the isles and trees  
Speak words like these:—

**"Ah happy tomb, whose fate  
'Tis to commemorate  
The name of one, whose worth  
Fills all the earth.  
Who in his life was such  
As envy might not touch;  
Who fawned not on the great,  
For all their state,**

**"Nor dabbled in the lore  
By Wisdom shunned of yore,  
Nor in the divinations  
Of Pagan nations.  
But with his songs divine  
He lured the Sacred Nine,  
Till all might hear and see  
Their minstrelsy.**

“He drew so sweet a note  
From the lyre that he smote,  
That our whole countryside  
Was sanctified.

And manna from the skies  
Falls ever where he lies;  
And summer nights diffuse  
Celestial dews.

“The murmuring river clear  
Circles his grassy bier,  
Weaving,—like walls around,—  
Verdure and sound.  
And we who know his fame,  
His glory here proclaim;  
His honor here prolong  
With gift and song.”

And now the little band  
Turn, and with pious hand  
    Pour out libations nine  
    Of milk and wine,  
O'er me, who at that hour  
Lie in Elysium's bower,  
    Where every spirit blest  
    Doth take his rest.

Nor hail, nor snow, nor rain  
Disturb that bright domain,  
    Nor bolt, that from on high  
    Bursts from the sky.  
But the immortal sheen  
Of leaves is ever seen;  
    And deathless blossoming  
    Of happy spring.

Ambition, strife, and care  
Are banished from that air,  
And wars, by kings designed,  
To rule mankind.

There all like brothers true  
Their ancient deeds renew,  
Living in love and faith,  
Even after death.

There, there, my soul shall know  
The pang of Sappho's woe!  
There clangs, with dreaded fire,  
Alcæus' lyre;  
And harmonies resound  
From every island mound  
Where sages pause to drink  
Song at its brink.

Yea distant echoes wake  
Across the Infernal Lake,  
And e'en the damned receive  
Some sweet reprieve.  
Beneath that heavy charm  
Ixion takes no harm,  
And Tantalus is freed  
From thirst and greed.  
The poet's voice hath sent  
To every mind content,  
And poured across his lyre  
To every human heart the heart's desire.

## LINES IN A COPY OF VIRGIL

**C**RUMBLING on Tiber's edge  
Lie columns sunk in sedge.  
A bird upon the spray  
Carols and flits away  
Across the river.  
Only what soars and sings,  
Only what flows and springs,  
Passing on wheels as light  
As fancy or the spirit's flight—  
Endures forever.



## SAPPHO'S LAST SONG

**T**HIS was the summer whose gradual splendor  
Burned the meridian while the deep sea  
Whispering, murmuring, watched the surrender,  
Cradled my union, my loved one, with thee.

Mute was the music and mystic the pæan  
That skirted the magical days as they fled.  
These were the nights when the starred empyrean  
Bent o'er the passion it silently fed.

Turn, ancient Earth ! as with slumbering motion  
Thou steerest thy course through the spaces divine,  
The dome of thy stars, and the caves of thine ocean  
Re-echo forever the love that was mine.

## ARETHUSA

**M**Y heart was emptied like a mountain pool  
That sinks in earthquake to some pit below,  
As thou did'st leave me. All my waters cool  
Burst from their basin when I saw thee go;—  
O'erflowed, leaped out, and ran beneath the ground,—  
Poured with a surging wave in search of thee!  
Where'er thou art, those waters will abound;  
But I must wait till life come back to me.

## REVER Y

**I HAVE** a garden,—weeds paradise call it;  
The moles hold the paths in fee;  
The wild creepers rave  
O'er the flowers' grave,  
O'er box-row and nodding pear-tree.  
The heart-broken, moss-covered railings that wall it,  
Have made an arbor for me;  
And I lie in an angle  
Of the dappled tangle  
And dream of Energy.

## A PRAYER

**O** GOD when the heart is warmest,  
And the head is clearest,

Give me to act:  
To turn the purposes thou formest  
Into fact.

O God, when what is dearest  
Seems most dear,  
And the path before lies straight,  
With neither Chance nor Fate  
In my career,—  
Then let me act. The wicket gate  
In sight, let me not wait, not wait.

We do not always fight.  
There comes a dull  
And anxious watching. After night  
Follows dim dawn before the day is full.  
But there's a time to speak, as to be dumb.  
O God, when mine shall come,

And I put forth  
My strength for blame or praise,  
Blow Thou the fire in my heart's hearth  
Into a blaze—  
(Who kindled it but Thou?)  
And let me feel upon that first of days  
As I feel now.

## THE KNEISEL QUARTET

(Lines read at the dinner given to its members upon their retirement)

**H**APPY the man who with steadfast devotion  
Walks through the turmoil where passions are rife,  
Feeding one flame of enduring emotion,  
Bearing unshattered the urn of his life.

Bright o'er the bay the gay sailboats are dancing,  
Cutting like birds through the waters of youth;  
Bold to the fair come the paladins prancing,  
Sidling and eyeing the prizes of Truth.

Ah, in the press, in the clash of the onset,  
How many strong riders and sailors are thrown!  
The gala of morning is past, and at sunset  
With wrecks of bright talent life's ocean is strown.

Few,—the unswerving, the slaves of endeavor,—  
Beat homeward in trim, gallop in to our cheers;  
The prizes they win are our prizes forever,  
Though earned with their labor and bought with  
their tears.

Then welcome the mind that through sheer concentration

Imprisons the world in a gem or a strain,—  
Throws open our soul to the rays of creation  
And gives us a glimpse of life's morning again.

O servants of Art, 'tis a hard road ye follow;  
Here poets and thinkers and mystics have trod:  
Rough, upward, and steep are the paths of Apollo,  
But round them shines ever the light of the god.

Then chant we a hymn for these sons of the lyre,  
How humble soever the pæan we raise;  
Our wreath must be laid by the altar whose fire  
Has waked us to gratitude, friendship and praise.

April 21, 1917.

## CHAMBER MUSIC

(Lines read at the dinner given to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Coppet on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their musical gatherings and the tenth anniversary of the Flonzaley Quartet)

**S**ILENCE: the sunset gilds the frozen ground,  
But here within all's curtained; stands are set  
In the wide salon where gilt chairs abound,  
And eager listeners wait. The band is met  
Whose tuning sheds a cheerful hum around:  
Prophetic notes! The tapers brighten at the sound.

The scattered sheets of music on the floor  
Reflect a lustre from the yellow flame.  
My sight dissolves. . . . Lo, Haydn at the door  
Enters like some stiff angel from his frame,  
Bearing the bundle of his latest score  
Which he distributes, smiling to the blessed four.



Haydn is dead, you say? He dies no more  
So long as these shall meet. A magic wand  
Brings the old Master through the shadowy door,  
And upright in the midst his soul doth stand,  
While through the chords his sunny force doth pour.  
Ah Haydn, hast thou truly ever lived before?

O intimate acquaintance! When we meet  
The hearts of old musicians, there is shown  
A conversation deeper and more sweet  
Than all save saints or lovers e'er have known.  
Is there an earthly friendship so complete  
As this, that in a heaven-born passion hath its seat?

The gods and half-gods meet us everywhere  
But are at home in Music. There they live  
In privacy: Apollo suns his hair,  
And Aphrodite to the stars doth give  
The more-than-mortal eyes that almost stare,  
So wide they are, so open and so unaware.

And while the gods do strum and tune a lay  
To please their godships,—there comes creeping in  
de Coppet with his crew to steal away  
The sacred fire. The trembling violin,  
Bratsche and cello, which his pirates play  
Bear the bright flame,—yes, undiminished reconvey.

We are those guests who knew the joy sincere  
Of that Promethean plunder; and to-night  
Are wiser for the start of many a tear  
That chased surprised beauty in her flight,  
And happier for those hours of inward cheer,  
The thought of which, dear hosts of many days, doth  
draw us here.

## THE HUDSON

**B**ATHED in a dying light

The far out-stretching valley lies  
Beneath the mingling veils of day and night;

Fruit trees and gardens, woodland and champaign,  
Paths, lawns and labyrinths—a Paradise.

The mountains darken, and the clear  
Black waters at their base appear  
Sending a last bright message from the skies.  
It floods the all-but-lost Elysian plain

Where knoll and bower  
Shimmer and peep, till the soft twilight hour,—  
To add the magic of a new surprise,—  
Washes them into silver gloom again.

# MOONLIGHT

## I

**T**HE evening air exhales a spicy scent,  
The robin warbles, and the thrush replies;  
And on the terrace a tall regiment  
Of lillies and of larkspur seem to rise  
In the last glow of the transparent skies,  
And shed a radiance hitherto unseen.  
Distant, and yet distinct, come joyous cries  
And twilight echoes, few and far between,—  
Children at play,—dogs barking,—fairies on the green.

## II

The shadows deepen; in the bushy lanes  
The fireflies brighten and the crickets cheep;  
And hark, an owl! how dolorous the strains,  
At which the field-mouse to his bed doth creep.  
The birds, the trees, the flowers have dropped to sleep;  
The noises from the village float no more;  
Night doth enwrap the world in slumber deep.  
And while upon reposeful gloom we pore,  
Behold, a ghostly glow that was not there before!

### III

Slowly, with laboring steps, doth she emerge:  
Like a stout shallop in the foaming seas  
She holds her prow against the fleecy surge,  
And steers between the cliffs of giant trees,  
Rounding the headlands, winning by degrees,  
Till she outpours the fulness of her beam,  
Unrolling all her silver treasures  
On hamlet, plain, and mountain, farm and stream,  
With inky shadows that make light more glorious seem.

### IV

Reason dissolves in moonlight; for the moon,  
Passing the porch of man's dilated eyes,  
Doth cast him straight into a kind of swoon:  
She, while the wretch in a delirium lies,  
Unveils her passions, longings, rhapsodies,—  
Shows him a crystal sea that floods the space  
Between the darkling earth and liquid skies;  
And bids him enter her cool resting-place  
That clasps the whole of nature in one bright embrace.

## V

She would persuade him it is everywhere,  
Disguised beneath the blaze of Phoebus' ray,  
Alive in the illuminated air,  
Imprisoned in the glamour of the day,—  
Which by her art she weaves and shreds away,  
Using such magic that each blade of grass,  
Bush, mead and brake her potency betray,  
Yea, stand like sentinels to watch her pass,  
And toward her naked truth hold up earth's looking-  
glass.

## VI

Alas, in vain she reasons; men reply  
That Phoebus gave her all the wealth she had,  
And clepe her sacred wisdom sorcery:  
Those who believe her are accounted mad.  
And therefore is her visage ever sad;  
And as she climbs she suffers, for she feels  
The arrows of the over-weening lad  
Falling in deadly showers at her heels.  
She fears the lightning of those ever-burning wheels.

## VII

Yet in her flight she leaves her realm behind  
To poets and to lovers, whose wide eyes,  
Dilated by the moonlight of the mind,  
See every object in a mad disguise,—  
Within a tide between the earth and skies;  
And every common bank or brook or flower  
To their ecstatic questioning replies,  
Glow, throbs and moves with a mysterious power,—  
As in a moonlit garden at the trysting hour.

## HARVEST TIME

**B**EHOLD, the harvest is at hand;  
And thick on the encircling hills  
The sheaves like an encampment stand,  
Making a martial fairy-land  
That half the landscape fills.  
The plains in colors brightly blent  
Are burnished by the standing grain  
That runs across a continent.  
In sheets of gold or silver stain  
Or red as copper from the mine,  
The oats, the barley, and the buckwheat shine.

Autumn has pitched his royal tent,  
And set his banner in the field;  
Where blazes every ornament  
That beamed in an heraldic shield.  
He spreads his carpets from the store  
Of stuffs the richest burghers wore,  
When velvet-robed, and studded o'er  
With gems, they faced their Emperor.



A wind is in the laughing grain  
That bends to dodge his rough caress,  
Knowing the rogue will come again  
To frolic with its loveliness.  
And in the highways drifts a stream  
Of carts, of cattle, and of men;  
While scythes in every meadow gleam,  
And Adam sweats again.

In the young orchard forms are seen  
With throats thrown open to the breeze,  
To reap the rye that lies between;  
And sickles hang on apple-trees,  
Half hidden in the glossy leaves,  
And pails beside the reapers lie;  
While sturdy yokels toss the sheaves,  
And hats are cocked and elbows ply,  
And blackbirds rise to cloud the sky  
In swarms that chatter as they fly.

From field to field each shady lane  
Is strown and traced with wisps of hay,  
Where gates lie open to the wain  
That creaks upon its toiling way.  
And little children, dumb with pride,  
Upon the rocking mountain ride,  
While anxious parents warn;  
And farm-boys guide the lazy team  
Till it shall stand beneath the beam  
That spans the gaping barn.

The harvest to its cavern sinks,  
While shafts of sunlight probe the chinks  
And fumes of incense rise.  
Then, as the farmers turn the latch,  
Good-natured Autumn smiles to watch  
The triumph in their eyes.

His gifts, from many a groaning load,  
Are heaved and packed, and wheeled and stowed  
By gnomes that hoard the prize.  
The grist of a celestial mill,  
Which man has harnessed to his will,  
In one bright torrent falls to fill  
The greedy granaries.

Beneath that annual rain of gold  
Kingdoms arise, expand, decay;  
Philosophers their mind unfold  
And poets sing, and pass away.  
Forever turns the winnowing fan:  
It runs with an eternal force,  
As run the planets in their course  
Behind the life of man.  
Little we heed that silent power,  
Save as the gusty chaff is whirled,  
When Autumn triumphs for an hour,  
And spills his riches on the world.

## THE SWALLOWS

**T**HE hills of Camden mile on mile  
Fling their green mantle o'er the bay;  
The dark waves dance about the isle  
Where we have nested many a day.  
The shadows mount; the air is chill;  
Away!

The hermit thrush has left the bed  
Where late his giddy music shone,  
The sumac in the swamp is red,  
And Autumn binds her sandals on.  
The season wanes; summer's at end.  
Away!

## OCTOBER

**C**LEAR as the dew it kindles on the spray  
Across the shadows of each shelving lawn,  
The rising sun, with low and level ray  
Scatters the cold, gray phantoms of the dawn.  
Like ghosts they flee, like dreams expire  
Within the elemental fire  
Of our first calm October day.

A day all zenith; the enclosing air,  
Like to the lens of a vast telescope,  
Shows the enameled globe, which now doth wear  
Its gayest motley; every jutting slope  
And quiet spire appears both far and near,  
Seen through the splendor of the atmosphere.

Something Elysian,—a faint tang of joy,—  
Breathes from the moisture of the open field,  
Recalling Spring, yet Spring with no alloy  
Of heartache, such as hovers on the view  
Of things in promise. Here is harvest-yield;  
Old Earth hath done her best and can no further do.

The yellowing pages of Earth's ledger lie,  
In new-cropped acres, open to the sky;  
A text that all may understand,  
With margins where wild vines expand  
In crimson revelry.

Beyond the valley lies a ledge  
Of rocky pasture and a tier  
Of hemlock and of juniper;  
And close to the embattled edge,—  
Their roots embedded in the stony stairs,—  
The agèd cedars flaunt their burning wares.

Like banners in a gallery,  
They hang above the bright ravine,  
Where from the mountains to the sea  
The farms and villages are seen,  
All clad in twinkling sheen.

Above our heads the mountain bleak  
Bears his cold summit to the view,  
As one in scorn of earthly mists,  
Who, in his gesture, seems to seek  
The silent depths of the transparent blue  
Where nought save light exists.

There penetrates  
Nor sight nor mutter from the world below,  
Nor sound of joy or woe;  
For that clear realm is deaf to man's debates.  
There nought save Contemplation ever came;  
For reason is extinguished by the glow,  
And passion dies within its parent flame.

Rays of religion, shafts of power,  
From that eternal upper day  
Descend on man, the creature of an hour,  
And whirl him as a leaf is whirled away.  
Born to phantasmal contest, he survives  
A moment merely; yet the fray,  
The whirlwind, seizes other lives,  
And, raging like a mountain fire,  
Burns on with inextinguishable ire.

Here, here, from this ærial zone  
Flows all the force the world has known,  
All insight and all sight,  
The substance of all just resolves,  
    Solid and pure;  
The rest is lightning, here is light:  
And when the varied earth dissolves,  
    This shall endure.

But see! above the sinking sun  
    The angel of the west  
    Has set his star against the mountain's breast:  
October's day is done.  
The shadows mount, the twilight clear  
    Shows all of Autumn's mellow husk,  
    Where one belated teamster in the dusk  
Circles the plain, like a dark charioteer  
    Who scatters secretly the gleaming seeds,  
    And drives his mystic steeds  
Before the tread of the pursuing year.



## AUTUMN DEWS

**T**HROW open the shutters, it's seven o'clock!  
And impertinent crows take their flight at the  
    shock;  
Then dropping their breakfast, they scoff as they  
    pass  
O'er the blanket of dew that lies white on the grass.

The mists from the shoulders of hillsides are slipping;  
The low Autumn sun burns the dew-drops alive;  
    And barberry-bushes with rubies are dripping,  
    And gardners are heaping dead leaves by the drive.

O haste to the forest!—the forest whose fingers  
Are clasping dank, green, little jewels of lawn:  
    Perhaps in some shadowy clearing still lingers  
    The track of the hare and the flame of the dawn.

## TREES IN AUTUMN

**T**HE poets have made Autumn sorrowful;  
I find her joyous, radiant, serene.  
Her pomp is hung in a deep azure sky  
That turns about the world by day and night,  
Nor loses its bright charm.  
And when the trees resign their foliage,  
Loosing their leaves upon the cradling air  
As liberally as if they ne'er had owned them,—  
They show the richer for the nakedness  
That weds them with the clarity of heav'n.

## TAPS AT WEST POINT

**T**HE dim and wintry river lies  
Torpido and ice-bound, like a giant snake;  
And, shouldering round his course, the mountains rise,  
Hedging his waters to a frozen lake;  
And over him in tattered shrouds  
Drift the disconsolate, low-stooping clouds,  
That slowly form and climb and sheathe  
Some dark and slippery crag;  
Then break to a dissolving wreath,  
Or make a window for the ground  
Where, on Fort Putnam's holy mound  
Gleams the bright, silent flag.

West Point! The Eagle of the West  
Has searched the wilderness to find  
A fitting spot to build a martial nest,  
Some skyey shelter from the wind,  
A refuge from the north—  
Rock-bound, inviolate;—  
And here upon the mountain ledge  
Facing the Highland Gate,  
He builds his eyrie and looks forth  
Between black headlands streaked with rills,  
And sees the winding river-edge  
Die in the distance, pillared by the hills.

But now the nest is snow-clad: the abyss  
Smokes like a crater, and from east to west  
Pine-trees are whispering across the crest  
In little puffs and jets of steam,  
That meet and kiss  
A thousand feet above the frozen stream.  
“The Storm King nods,” they say.—  
The Storm King dreams!—and they  
Are creatures of his dream.

Upon a dainty table-land  
Where the redundant river turns  
And hugs the acre to its breast,  
A little grave-yard juts above the strand,  
    With tombs and walks and quiet urns,  
Trophies and tablets quaintly dressed  
And graved with many an honored name  
Of those who drew the sword or nursed the flame  
Of Mars, among whose monuments they rest.

And there upon the higher ground,  
    New-digged and strown with branches green  
To grace the trench and hide the mound,  
    An open grave is seen.  
A dirge, low-blown upon sonorous brass,  
Is floating up the glen,  
And swells to triumph as they pass  
    With heavy tramp of armed men  
That shakes the dwellings of the dead,  
Till each old warrior lifts his head  
    To hear the trumpet speak again.

Slowly the moving pageant looms  
With emblems dark and bright;  
And bayonets glance among the mossy tombs;  
The bier, the flag, the mourners come in sight,  
Framed by the steady musket-line  
That makes their deeper meanings shine  
With concentrated light.  
And hark, a volley at the grave!  
With echoes from the rifle-shock,—  
Voices that leap from rock to rock.  
They mingle with the murmurs half divine  
Of Nature's music in each dark ravine,  
And speed to mountain and to wave  
The challenge that the salvo gave:—  
"Love, Death, Our Country,—Honor, Discipline."

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISMARCK

(Reprinted from "The Political Nursery," midsummer number, 1898)

**A**T midnight Death dismissed the chancellor,  
But left the soul of Bismarck on his face.  
Titanic, in the peace and power of bronze,  
With three red roses loosely in his grasp,  
Lies the Constructor. His machinery  
Revolving in the wheels of destiny  
Rolls onward over him. Alive, inspired,  
Vast, intricate, complete, unthinkable,  
Nice as a watch and strong as dynamite,  
An empire and a whirlwind, on it moves,  
While he that set it rolling lies so still.

Unity! Out of chaos, petty courts,  
Princelings and potentates—thrift, jealousy,  
Weakness, distemper, cowardice, distrust,  
To build a nation: the material—  
The fibres to be twisted—human strands.  
One race, one tongue, one instinct. Unify  
By banking prejudice, and, gaining power,  
Attract by vanity, compel by fear.  
Arm to the teeth: your friends will love you more,  
And we have much to do for Germany.  
Organized hatred, *that* is unity.

Prussia's a unit; Denmark's enmity  
Is so much gain, and gives us all the North.  
Next, humble Austria: a rapid stroke  
That leaves us laurels and a policy.  
Now for some chance, some—any fluke or crime  
By which a war with France can be brought on:  
And, God be glorified, the thing is done.  
Organized hatred. That foundation reaches  
The very bottom rock of Germany  
And out of it the structure rises up  
Bristling with arms.



"But you forget the soul,  
 "The universal shout, the Kaiser's name,  
 "Fatherland, anthems, the heroic dead,  
 "The discipline, the courage, the control,  
 "The glory and the passion and the flame—"  
 Are calculated by the captain's eye  
 Are used, subdued, like electricity  
 Turned on or off, are set to making roads,  
 Or building monuments, or writing verse,  
 Twitched by the inspired whim of tyranny  
 To make that tyranny perpetual  
 And kill what intellect it cannot use.

The age is just beginning, yet we see  
 The fruits of hatred ripen hourly  
 And Germany's in bondage—muzzled press,  
 The private mind suppressed,—while shade on shade  
 Is darkened o'er the intellectual sky.  
 And world-forgotten, outworn crimes and cries  
 With dungeon tongue accost the citizen  
 And send him trembling to his family.  
 . . . . .  
 Thought cannot grasp the Cause: 'tis in the abyss  
 With Nature's secrets. But, gigantic wreck,  
 Thou wast the Instrument! And thy huge limbs  
 Cover nine kingdoms as thou lie'st asleep.

1914

**A**LAS, too much we loved the glittering wares  
That art and education had devised  
To charm the leisure of philosophers;  
The thought, the passion have been undersized  
In Europe's over-educated brain;  
And while the savants attitudinized,  
Excess of learning made their learning vain  
Till Fate broke all the toys and cried,  
*Begin Again!*

## HEROES

**I** SEE them hasting toward the light  
Where war's dim watchfires glow;  
The stars that burn in Europe's night  
Conduct them to the foe.

As when a flower feels the sun  
And opens to the sky,  
Knowing their dream has just begun  
They hasten forth to die.

Be it the mystery of love—  
Be it the might of Truth—  
Some wisdom that we know not of  
Controls the heart of youth.

All that philosophy might guess  
These children of the light  
In one bright act of death compress,  
Then vanish from our sight.

Like meteors on a midnight sky  
They break—so clear, so brief—  
Their glory lingers on the eye  
And leaves no room for grief.

And when to joy old sorrows turn,  
To spring war's winter long,  
Their blood in every heart will burn,  
Their life in every song.

## TO A DOG

PAST happiness dissolves. It fades away,  
Ghost-like, in that dim attic of the mind  
To which the dreams of childhood are consigned.  
Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay,  
And trophies glimmer in the dying ray  
Of stars that once with heavenly glory shined.  
But you, old friend, are you still left behind  
To tell the nearness of life's yesterday?  
Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy,  
For you he lives; in every sylvan walk  
He waits; and you expect him everywhere.  
How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy,  
If but his voice were heard in casual talk,  
If but his footstep sounded on the stair!

## IN TIME OF WAR

**S**ORROW, that watches while the body sleeps,  
Parted the curtains of the cruel dawn  
And glided noiselessly to her sad seat  
Beside my pillow.—“Art thou there,” I muttered,  
“Spirit of silent grief; mute prophetess  
That, on the marble furrows of thy brow,  
Wearest the print of wisdom and of peace?  
Art thou still at my side, thou antique nurse  
And sybil of the mind,—who easily  
Enterest the prisons of humanity  
With footfall soft, and walkest in the glooms  
Where none save thee may come? Shield me to-day!  
And, when the sun’s insufferable finger  
Moves o’er the wainscot, and his dreaded ray  
Sears the unsheathed soul, O mighty Spirit,  
Darken mine eyes till night be come again!”

MAY, 1917

**T**HE earth is damp: in everything  
I taste the bitter breath of pallid spring.  
Hark! In the air a fanning sound,  
Like distant beehives.—Ah, the woods awake;  
And finding they are naked, cast around  
A mist, like that which trembles on the lake.  
The forest murmurs, shudders, sings  
On pipes and strings,  
With harp and flute;  
And then turns coy,  
As if ashamed to show its joy,  
And in a flush of happiness grows mute.

Alas, the spring! Ah, liquid light,  
Your vistas of transparent green  
Fall on my spirit like a blight.  
The tapestries you hang on high  
Are like a pageant to a sick man's eye,  
Or sights in fever seen.  
Behind your bowers and your blooms  
Volcanic desolation looms;  
Your life doth death express;  
Each leaf proclaims a blackened waste,  
Each tree, some paradise defaced,  
Each bud, a wilderness.  
And all your lisping notes are drowned  
By one deep murmur underground  
That tells us joy is fled,  
Love, innocence, the heart's desire,  
The flashing of Apollo's lyre,—  
Beauty herself is dead.



In all the valleys of the earth,—  
Save for the dead,—no wreath is hung.  
Long, long ago the sounds of mirth  
Died on man's tongue.  
Love is an interrupted song,  
And life a broken lute;  
Time's pendulum has stopped: a throng  
Of huddling moments press along  
Untimed, in mad pursuit,  
And into days and months are whirled,  
As in a dream of pain.  
Chaos has wrecked the outer world,  
Chaos invades the brain.  
The sounds, the sights, the scents of spring  
Awake that sullen suffering  
Which opium soothes in vain,—  
Like the sad dawn of dread relief  
That tells the greatness of his grief  
To him that is insane.

Would I had perished with the past !  
Would I had shared the fate  
Of those who heard the trumpet-call  
And rode upon the blast,—  
Who stopped not to debate,  
Nor strove to save,  
But giving life, gave all,  
Casting their manhood as a man might cast  
A rose upon a grave.  
Would that like them beneath the sod I lay,  
Beneath the glistening grass,  
Beneath the flood of things that come, and pass,  
Beckon, and shine and fade away.

## ODE

### ON THE SAILING OF OUR TROOPS FOR FRANCE

(Dedicated to President Wilson)

**G**O fight for Freedom, Warriors of the West!  
At last the word is spoken: Go!  
Lay on for Liberty. 'Twas at her breast  
The tyrant aimed his blow;  
And ye were wounded with the rest  
In Belgium's overthrow.

The anguish of the night is past,  
The months of torment, when the roar  
Of distant battles rolled against our shore,  
Each summons sounding louder than the last;  
And in the surge and swell  
We heard the deep vibrations of a bell,  
The tongue of Fate, that tolling on the blast,  
Repeated o'er and o'er  
"Awake! your horoscope is cast;  
The Old World and the New shall live apart no more.  
Awake! the Future claims you. Europe's soul  
Hangs in the balance, and the gods contrive

That without *her* thou never canst be whole,  
Nor she without thee save her soul alive.

“Like to the sleeping hero dost thou lie,  
Whose father’s gear the nymphs, beneath a mound,  
Concealed, while centaurs watched his infancy  
Till honor’s great occasion should be found.  
Awake! the virgins perish, monsters rage;  
The earth is mastered by Hell’s Overlord;  
Accept the manhood of thine heritage:  
Behold the shield, the sandals and the sword.”

The dying thunder of the ocean’s voice  
Left music on the air. The sleeper stirred,  
As one who in a dream must make a choice  
Of pleasure mixed with pain.  
Something he muttered like a broken word;  
Then heaved his length and seemed to sleep again.  
And still the awful weight of that recurrent sound  
Smote on our shores and seemed to shake the ground.

So long, before our lips, fate held the cup,—  
So long we waited for the dawn,—  
We scarcely breathed or dared look up

For fear that draught of life should be withdrawn.  
Vain fears! the stars that shined upon our birth  
Had made us freedom's champions on the earth.  
Thanks be to God, our page of history  
Flashes with all one lightning; one design  
From first to last appears in every line,  
Which, being noted, makes the tale divine,  
But being missed or slighted, all becomes  
A meaningless and aimless revery,—  
A tale of moving mobs and swords and drums,  
A maze without a key,—  
A history of pebbles which the sea  
Disturbs and rearranges endlessly.

Time was, the world a vision saw.  
A faith was born in nations far away  
From whom our life and mind we draw,—  
A hope, as when the earliest ray  
Of peeping dawn predicts the day.  
The ancient peoples of the time-worn earth  
Divined the meaning of our birth  
Before our life began:  
The Vision was America,  
The Faith was faith in man.

Thus, when our fathers crossed the sea  
To found a state that should become  
The Capitol of Liberty,  
And Freedom's home,  
The hopes of Europe with them came,  
And in the new republic's name  
Pæans were chanted, garlands hung;  
The Old World praised the great event,  
And blessed the untrodden continent  
That did a shrine provide,  
Where mercy, justice, strength and truth,  
In new-found and immortal youth  
Forever should abide.  
America became a myth  
That Europe's wise-men conjured with;  
And prayers went up in many a tongue,  
And seers dreamed, and poets sung  
And sages prophesied.  
And lo, before the echoes died  
Of that great pæan, there arose  
A state that to the dream replied,  
And gave the saints repose.

Thanks be to God who chose of old  
The masters of our race,  
And stamped an image on the mold  
Which time cannot efface.  
As if to show what Nature can,—  
When, teeming in expansive ease  
She overbrims her earlier plan,  
Outbursts all ancient boundaries  
Of farm and kingdom, race and creed,—  
Creation gave the world a man  
To meet the larger need.  
Nor came he unto us alone,  
The world's new hero, Washington.

Him did those opening thunders call  
That smote our shores with grinding power;  
His name was in the crash and fall  
Of every Belgian tower.  
By bloody pool, by reeking wall,  
'Mid countless deeds of dark offence,  
That name went up with every cry  
Of prostrate innocence.  
For when Incarnate Tyranny

Streamed over lovely France,  
And homesteads, roofless to the sky,  
Looked up to God askance,

His tattered portrait shared the doom  
Of holy pictures in the gloom  
Of each abandoned peasant home.  
Here by the lowliest hearts of earth,  
While generations came and went,  
His face had shone o'er death and birth,  
And mingled with the hopes and fears,—  
The household words, the merriment, the tears,—  
The deep religious sentiment  
That tells men God doth not forget.  
So burned he, and his lamp is burning yet.

Ah France, thou art the home of Memory,  
The Mother of the Muses! In thy hands  
The Past is safe: each peasant holds a key  
To archives which the savant understands,  
And all conspire to guard a treasury,  
Where flock the enthusiasts of other lands  
To dip their minds in thee.  
France, France herself doth not forget!



So mused I,—wondering what we,  
The lost tribe of the new world, had to set  
    Against such piety.  
Have we no saints? Within our atrium stands  
No altar to the great of other lands?

And, as I question, there appears,—  
An image,—pictures, statues, prints.  
The earliest memories of my earliest years  
Are filled with lithographs and mezzotints  
    That on each wall and stair and stoop were met.  
Ay, let France search our homes! She'll find  
In many a manse, in many a nook  
In every old-time picture book,  
In every pious and ingenuous mind,—  
In simple folk of the ancestral kind,—  
The shade of Lafayette.

Another name, a sacred name there is,—  
A nature more than human, a great mind,—  
Less like to Cæsar than to Socrates,  
Which on our native roster ye shall find.  
    'Twas liberty that gave him to mankind;

And as her soldier fell he, to the last  
Drawing from her the light by which he shined,  
And knitting up his legend with the past.  
Subdued to contemplation's wand  
He set his compass by a star  
And pondered ever the beyond  
That lay behind the veils of war.  
The Fate of Man, the mystic aim,  
The unimaginable end,  
Floats like an angel in the flame  
Of every word he spoke or penned.

Not unto us alone came he,  
This prophet of humanity.  
His was that fight at dawn that left us free  
To meet the issue of these darker days.  
*Then too* we battled for posterity.  
And had we lost, the world to-day could raise  
Its head no longer. Thus doth God appraise  
So carefully the weights in either scale  
That every ounce must count to make the truth  
prevail.

Such are our beacons; near them stand  
A lesser yet illumined band,  
Who of the self-same springs have drunk,  
And through whose minds the stream has sunk  
To water all the land.

The old heroic creed is taught  
In every hamlet, grange and town,  
And children lisp the giant thought  
Of Franklin and of Hamilton.  
The young were never steeped before  
So deep in governmental lore.

What wonder that each shining rank  
Of martial striplings takes its way  
Handsome as Hermes, and as frank  
As lads upon a holiday!  
Think ye they do not understand  
The mighty thing they have in hand?—  
’Tis the Religion of their land.

And when that bell-like thunder-sound  
Crashed on our shores and cried, Awake!  
Thought ye no answering lightning should be found?  
Behold the answer! Look around.

Yea, and our winds to Europe take  
Not soldiers merely—but the mind,  
The deathless part that doth consist  
In our soul's message,—the debate  
Of life with death and love with hate,  
Framed by our great protagonist

To documents of state.

They speak our spirit; for he knew  
The magic horn to wind  
Of Lincoln and of Washington: he drew  
As clear a note as ever trumpet blew,  
While round the world the music flew  
That unified mankind.

Go, Western Warriors! Take the place  
The ages have assigned you in a strife  
Which to have died in were enough of life;  
For you there waits a quest

Such as no paladin or hero knew  
Of all who lifted sword or wielded mace  
Since George the Dragon slew;  
For you a sacramental feast  
Too rich, too happy, too fulfilled  
Of all that man e'er craved or God hath willed,  
Too blessed to be offered save to you.

## A WAR WEDDING

THE dreamy earth is flooded o'er  
With warm and hazy light,—  
September's latest boon, before  
She feels the hoar frost in the night;  
And, pausing with a sober frown,  
Nips the first floweret from her summer crown.

But who are these upon the rising ground  
Where the old graveyard guards the vale,  
Who talk in whispers clustering round  
The old stone church, where teams are found  
With horses tethered to the rail,  
And village lads and farmers at the gate?  
Surely some funeral of state;—  
So reverently they stand without a sound,  
So decently they wait.

And now the organ mutters and a hymn  
Floats in the elmtops. From the doors thrown wide,  
Issue, as radiant as the seraphim,  
A handsome lad in khaki and his bride.  
And next behind the happy pair  
The Captain-cousin and best man  
Walks with a martial, business air,  
Heading the merry-moving van  
Of half-grown girls with ribboned hair,—  
Brides-maids or sisters,—and a few  
Odd, wholesome, savage boys;  
(And if a waistcoat is askew  
A mother adds a touch or two  
To give the victim equipoise).

Neighbors mingle, chat and pass,  
The father proud, the adoring friend,  
The Dominie, the farmer's lass,—  
The village life from end to end,—  
With happiness on every face.  
And something sacred and benign  
Out of these faces seem to shine:  
Some god is in the place!

Methinks I see him ! One we used to know  
Ere sorrow overspread the land,—  
The god we met on every hand  
And worshipped long ago.  
Ah, mark him, there before the rest !  
The youngster in the azure vest  
And tunic white as snow.  
See the late, tiny rosebuds round his brow !  
Their ardent breath is whispering his name,  
See on his forehead the clear pointed flame;  
While from his torch the sparklets blow  
Kindling all hearts that follow in his train.  
It's Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, come again !

## RETROSPECTION

**W**HEN we all lived together  
In the farm among the hills,  
And the early summer weather  
Had flushed the little rills;

And Jack and Tom were playing  
Beside the open door,  
And little Jane was maying  
On the slanting meadow floor;

And mother clipped the trellis,  
And father read his book  
By the little attic window,—  
So close above the brook:

How little did we reckon  
Of ghosts that flit and pass,  
Of fates that nod and beckon  
In the shadows on the grass;



Of beauty soon deflowered,  
Engulfed, and borne away,—  
And youth that sinks devoured  
In the chasm of a day !

Courageous and undaunted,  
As in a golden haze  
We lived a life enchanted,  
Nor stopped to count the days.

We that were in the story  
Saw not the magic light,  
The pathos, and the glory  
That shines on me to-night.

## OUR SAILOR

**O**H yes, he came again ! But 'twas not he.  
A youth no longer ours, nay, taller, older;  
A serious young ensign, stern, yet gay;  
Shy as the sea-bird, driven by a storm  
Into the doorway of a fisher's hut,  
Who proudly suffers every fond caress,  
And loves the warmth and welcome; but his eye  
Roves the tempestuous billows of that world  
To which his life takes wing. At eventide  
He fluttered in, and with the earliest dawn  
His form had vanished o'er the vaporous sea.

## AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

**I** SEE—within my spirit—mystic walls,  
And slender windows casting hallowed light  
Along dim aisles where many a shadow falls  
On text and trophy, effigy and tomb;  
And here each youthful hero and old knight  
Sleeps on his marble couch, while overhead  
The tattered banners shed their bloom  
Of glory o'er the dead.

Here, raised in brass or graved in stone,  
And dated with the passing year,  
Are names—companions I have known,  
Whose hands I clasped but yesterday,  
Whose voices ring within my ear:  
And friends of earlier epochs far away,  
Whose spirits answer to my call  
Of names familiar as my own,  
Written upon this chapel wall.  
How strange to find them here!

So soon, so early sanctified,  
They lie within the nation's heart,  
Calm, safe, those sacred tombs beside  
Of earlier saints who kept the faith  
And waged the battle of their life  
As 'twere a part of that celestial strife  
That makes a gain of death.

Ah, we ourselves have slept,  
And we, who but half knew them, find them here,  
Where into light they stept,  
Upon the signal that the Angel gave—  
Like him who now upon his passing bier  
Moves into History. O blessed War,  
That sends a blast of brightness from the grave  
To show the souls of mortals as they are!

## MAY, 1918

**T**HE moon at midnight quenched her vaporous light,  
Leaving the stars but faintly bright  
Like tapers that burn ill;  
And in the fragrant bosom of the night  
The summer breezes round the garden creep,  
Now moving and now still,  
Nursing the buds their care has laid to sleep;  
Or tip-toe softly to my window-sill  
And whisper through the room,  
To tell that close at hand  
The lilies-of-the-valley stand,  
And lilacs are in bloom.

A breathing night,—no ray, no beam,—  
But shadowy stillness over everything.  
I listen to the flooding of a stream  
That 'mid the joyous secrets of the spring  
Subdues his murmuring;  
And in the silence cool  
Huddles his waves, till, at a bound,  
I hear as in a gleam of sound  
The gathered waters plunging to their pool.

Once more the silence; then the sound again!  
I cannot say how long I stood  
And listened to that velvet flood;  
Perhaps the stream poured lethe on my brain—  
Displaced the stars—for in their train  
I saw the French Cathedrals looming by,  
Like citadels that beacons on the night  
Or swinging urns that scattered golden light  
In the surrounding sky.  
Chartres, Beauvais, Rouen—I could mark  
Each Gothic lantern of the mind  
That, kindling in the ages dark,  
Rose, flamed and left behind  
The sacred shell of a mysterious ark,  
The treasure and the solace of mankind.

Voices they have,—a language of their own  
That floats in arches, domes and spires;  
And many a traveler and pilgrim young,  
Wandering unconscious and alone,  
Has heard the accents of the ancient choirs  
Still echoing in their avenues of stone  
From men who wrought and dreamed and sung  
And fought and prayed in that forgotten tongue.

Again my eyes upon the night were turned.

The central darkness bloomed, and—robed in  
state—

While her great works about her burned—

Sate France enthronèd and incoronate !

But ah ! the vision fades: a sky of lead

Has drunk the apparition. In such pain  
As breaks the rest of one whose love is dead

I wake to greet the vacant world again.  
The garden is a blank. Unquiet birds  
Are warbling gently in the rain.

Sweet are their voices, desolate the words  
That from their little throats they pour,  
Chanting, like choristers, a requiem:

“Beauvais and Chartres and Rouen yet remain;

Rheims is no more;

And Amiens is fading like thy dream.

Alas, when all is done

What shall the dayspring find to shine upon?”

## LINES

READ AT THE NEW YORK CITY HALL MEETING  
ON LAFAYETTE DAY, 1918

**A** GAIN we gather here,  
Beneath the aegis of a sacred name,  
To hold our feast, and with our altar-flame  
Signal the passage of the furtive year.  
Alas, how small our gifts, how light appear  
Our vows, our songs, the words that we declaim!  
While o'er the tortured nations from afar  
Rolls the hot breath of universal war.

Yet must I speak—Again we dedicate  
Ourselves, our children and our country's fame  
To Her from whom our earliest welcome came.  
Once more—but now in arms—we kneel,  
Like Joan of Arc in shining steel

A Sword to consecrate  
To France, and to the Cause that makes her great!



And even while we hold our holiday  
The Allied ranks in fierce array  
Press on the foe like huntsman on the prey:  
The Wild Boar of the North is brought to bay!

Hark, did you hear the triumph in the air?  
Horns and halloos—a universal shout.  
The hunters have him: he has turned about:  
The Teuton beast is lurching toward his lair.  
The boar is sorely wounded; but beware!  
Strike, when you strike, to kill! For in his eye  
Cunning and Hatred shine, a ghastly pair!  
Which of these passions is the last to die,  
When both are linked together by despair?

'Tis not alone the havoc; but his breath  
Spreads desecration o'er mankind.  
Beware lest in his gasp of death  
The German leave behind  
A sting to hurt the heart of man  
Worse than his living fury can—  
The poison of his mind.

When shall the shepherd sup in peace once more,  
Or tend his trellis unafraid  
While children play about the farmhouse door,  
Or cows at even watch the river  
Beneath the elm-tree's shade?  
Is heart's ease gone forever?  
Must there be newer anguish, endless strife?  
Ah, huntsman draw the knife  
That kills the creature at the core!  
Plunge the bright truncheon and restore  
The bloom to human life.

## THE ARMISTICE

**W**HEN from a mighty storm far out at sea  
Roll in the glassy and gigantic waves,—  
Wreck-laden Tritons, bearing in their arms  
The wastage of a world;—and o'er the scene  
Rises the sun-god; and along the shore  
People with uplift eyes await the fleet,  
Or falling on their knees, stretch up their hands  
To the restored serenity of heaven,  
For in their hearts the storm is running still;  
So we await our warships on the flood,  
Brimming with laureled legions and the gleam  
Of gun and helmet, and the tattered flags  
That tinge the sea with crimson, telling of those  
Left sleeping on the battlefields of France,  
Or on the piney ridges of Lorraine  
Holding the steep for freedom. Shall we not  
Take to our hearts the living and the dead  
In one long, proud embrace upon the shore?

## ROOSEVELT

[Lines read at the Harvard Club, New York, on February 9, 1919]

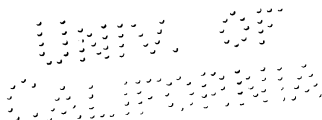
**L**IFE seems belittled when a great man dies;  
The age is cheapened and time's furnishings  
Stare like the trappings of an empty stage.  
Ring down the curtain! We must pause, go home  
And let the plot of the world reshape itself  
To comprehensive form. Roosevelt dead!  
The genial giant walks the earth no more,  
Grasping the hands of all men, deluging  
Their hearts, like Pan, with bright Cyclopean fire  
That dazzled them at times, yet made them glad.

Where dwells he? Everywhere! In cottages,  
And by the forge of labor and the desk  
Of science. The torn spelling book  
Is blotted with the name of Roosevelt,  
And like a myth he floats upon the winds  
Of India and Ceylon. His brotherhood  
Includes the fallen kings. Himself a king,  
He left a stamp upon his countrymen  
Like Charlemagne.

Yes, note the life of kings!  
A throne's a day of judgment in itself,  
And shows the flaw within the emerald.  
For every king must seem more than he is;  
Ambition holds her prism before his eye,  
Burlesques his virtues, rides upon his car  
Clouded with false effulgence, till the man  
Loses his nature in a second self,  
Which is his rôle. Yet Theodore survived—  
Resumed his natural splendor as he sank  
Like Titan in the ocean.

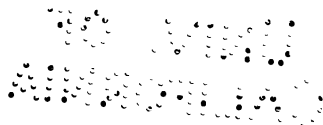
The great war  
Was all a fight for Paris—must she fall  
And be a heap of desolation ere  
Relief could reach her? Sad America  
Dreamed in the distance as a charmed thing  
Till Roosevelt, like Roland, blew his horn.  
Alone he did it! By his personal will.  
Alone—till others echoed—bellowing  
From shore to shore across the continent,  
Like a sea monster to the sleeping seals  
Of Pribylov. Then, slowly waking,  
The flock prepared for war. 'Twas just in time!  
One blast the less, and our preparedness  
Had come an hour too late.

**Ay, traveller,  
Who wanderest by the bridges of the Seine,  
Past palaces and churches, marts and streets,  
Whose names are syllables in history,  
'Twas Roosevelt saved Paris. There she stands!  
Look where you will—the towers of Notre Dame,  
The quays, the columns, the Triumphal Arch—  
To those who know, they are his monument.**



## THE MORAL OF HISTORY

**A**LL is one issue, every skirmish tells,  
And war is but the picture in the story;  
The plot's below: from time to time upwells  
A scene of blood and glory,  
That makes us understand the allegory,—  
A lurid flash of verse,—and at its close  
Recurring, undiscipherable prose.



















**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW**

**AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.**

**AUG 5 1941**

**LD 21-100m-7,'40 (6986s)**

Sly  
100

Chapman, J.J. 401040  
Songs and poems

953  
C466  
S

JUN 18 1924  
AUG 5 1941

Woodford  
Benmore

JUN 18 1924  
JUL 24 1941

401040

Chapman

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

YC160579



